breake the pate on thee, I am a very villaine, com & be hangd, hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gadshill. Good morrow Carriers whats a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clock.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy lanterne, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay by god soft, I know a trick worth two of that I faith.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2 *Car.* I, when, canst tell? lend me thy lanterne (quoth he) marry Ile see thee hangd first.

Gad. Sirra Carier, what time doe you meane to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour Muges, weele call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

Exeunt

Enter Chamberlaine.

Gad What ho: Chamberlaine.

Cham. At hand quoth pick-purse.

Gad. Thats euen as faire, as at hand quoth the Camber laine for thou variest no more from picking of purses, then giuing direction doth from laboring: thou layest the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow master Gadshill, it holds currant that I told you yester night, thers a Franckelin in the wilde of kent, hath brought three hundred markes with him in gould, I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too. God knowes what, they are vp already, and call for egges & butter, they will away presently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas clarkes, Ile giue thee this necke.

Cha. No, Ile none of it, I pray thee keepe that for the hangman, for I know thou worshipest Saint Nicholas, as truely as a man of falshood may.

Gad. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, Ile make a fat paire of gallowes: for if I hang, old sir Iohn hangs with me, & thou knowst he is no starueling, tut, there are other Troians

Troians that thou dream'st not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession, some grace, that would (if matters should be lookt into) for their own credit sake make al whole: I am ioined with no foot-land rakers, no long-staffe sixpenny strikers, non of these mad mustachio purple hewd malt worms, but with nobility, & tranquillity, Burgomasters & great Oneyers, such as can hold in such as will strike sooner then speake, & speake sooner then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray, & yet (Zounds) I lie, for they pray continually to their saint the Common-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but pray on her, for they ride vp and downe on her, and make her their bootes.

Cham. What, the Common-wealth their bootes? wil she hold out water in foule way?

Gad. She wil, she will, iustice hath liquord her: we steale as in a castle cocksure. we haue the receit of Fernesseede, we walke inuisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I thinke you are more beholding to the night then to Fernesseed, for your walking inuisible.

Gad. Giue me thy hand, thou shalt haue a share in our purchase as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me haue it, as you are a false theefe.

Gad. Go to, *homo* is a common name to all men: bid the ostler bring my Gelding out of the stable, farewell ye muddy knaue.

Enter Prince, Poines, and Peto &c.

Poines. Come shelter, shelter, I haue remoued Falstalffes horse, and he frets like a gum'd Veluet.

Prince. Stand close. *Enter Falstalffe.*

Fal. Poines, Poines, and be hangd Poines.

Prince. Peace ye fat-kidney'd rascall, what a brawling doest thou keepe?

Fal. What poines *Hal*?

Prince. He is walkt vp to the top of the hill, Ile go seeke him.

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that theeues company, the rascal hath remoued my horse, and tyed him I know not where, if I trauel but foure foote by the squire further a foote, I shal break my winde. Well, I doubt not but to dye a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue, I haue forsworne his company hourely any time this xxii. yeere and yet I am be-

 witcht

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